Edgefield Advertiser.

"We will cling to the Pillars of the Temple of our Liberties, and if it must fall, we will Perish amidst the Ruins."

VOLUME VIII. Edgefield Court House, S. C., June 24, 1843. NO. 21

EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER
BY
W. F. DURISOE, PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

Three Dollars per annum, if paid in *advance*—Three Dollars and Fifty Cents, if not paid before the expiration of Six Months from the date of Subscription—and Four Dollars if *not* paid within twelve Months. Subscribers out of the State are required to pay in *advance*.

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All Job work done for persons living at a distance, must be paid for at the time the work is done, or the payment secured in the village.

All communications addressed to the Editor, *post paid*, will be promptly and strictly attended to.

Missionary Notices.

The undersigned being appointed Missionaries, in the first Division of the Edgefield Association, expect to commence their labors at each Church in the following order, viz:

Plum Branch, Saturday before the first Lord's day in July.
Rehoboth, Saturday before the second Lord's day in July.
Red Hill, Saturday before the third Lord's day in July.
Buffaloe, Saturday before the fourth Lord's day in July.
Bulah, Saturday before the fifth Lord's day in July.
Callahams Mills, Saturday before the first Lord's day in August.
Mount Moriah, Saturday before the second Lord's day in August.
Gilgal, Saturday before the third Lord's day in August.
Bethany, Saturday before the fourth Lord's day in August.
Horeb, Saturday before the first Lord's day in September.

E. F. SIEG,
D. D. BRUNSON.

We, the undersigned, having been appointed Domestic Missionaries, for the 4th Section of the Churches of the Edgefield Baptist Association, give notice, that we will by Divine permission attend the Churches, at the following times:

Pleasant Grove, on the Saturday before the 1st Lord's Day in July.
Hamburg, on the Saturday before the 2nd Lord's Day in July.
Big Stephens' Creek, on the Saturday before the 3rd Lord's Day in July.
Mount Zion, on the Saturday before the 4th Lord's Day in July.
Horn's Creek, on the Saturday before the 5th Lord's Day in July.
Edgefield, on the Saturday before the 1st Lord's Day in August.
Red Oak Grove, on the Saturday before the 2nd Lord's Day in August.
Bethany at Republican, on the Saturday before the 3d Lord's Day in August.
Antioch, on the Saturday before the 4th Lord's Day in August.

JOHN TRAPP,
H. A. WILLIAMS,
Domestic Missionaries.

In consequence of the number of Churches, and the limited time for visiting them, it is impracticable for us to attend each. We have, therefore, from their nearness to each other, appointed one meeting for Mt. Lebanon and Mt. Zion, to be held at the latter. The reasons for this appointment will be given more fully at the meeting.

J. T.
H. A. W.

The undersigned will commence their Missionary labors,

On Saturday before the 1st Lord's Day in July, at Providence.
On Saturday before the 2d Lord's Day in July, at Siloam.
On Saturday before the 3d Lord's Day in July, at Fellowship.
On Saturday before the 4th Lord's Day in July, at Mount'n Creek.
On Saturday before the 5th Lord's Day in July, at Damascus.
On Saturday before the 1st Lord's Day in August, at Good Hope.
On Saturday before the 2d Lord's Day in August, at Little Stevens' Creek.
On Saturday before the 3d Lord's Day in August, at Chesnut Hill.
On Saturday before the 4th Lord's Day in August, at Sister Springs.

Each meeting will continue one week if circumstances favor it.

Z. WATKINS,
JOS. MORRIS.

May, 1843.

The undersigned will commence their Missionary labors

On Saturday before the 1st Sabbath in July, at Point Pleasant.
On Saturday before the 2d Sabbath in July, at Salem.
On Saturday before the 3d Sabbath in July, at Red Bank.
On Saturday before the 4th Sabbath in July, at Cloud's creek.
On Saturday before the 5th Sabbath in July, at Bethel.
On Saturday before the 1st Sabbath in August, at Rocky creek.
On Saturday before the 2nd Sabbath in August, at Sardis.
On Saturday before the 3rd Sabbath in August, at Lexington.
On Saturday before the 4th Sabbath in August, at Cloud's creek.

WM. WATKINS,
JAMES F. PETERSON.

BOOK & JOB PRINTING

Of Every description executed with neatness & despatch, at the Office of the EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the N. Y. Sunday Mercury.

SHORT PATENT SERMON.

BY "DOW JR."

I have chosen my text from the poetical writings of Alexander Pope, Esq. These are the words:

Hope springs eternal in the human breast—
Man never is, but always to be, blest.

My hearers—the chief end of man appears to be, to contrive ways and means to enjoy happiness to its fullest extent; but it often happens that the more he exerts himself to gain this desired end, the farther he *approximates* from it—as the negro said when he ran after his hat in a gale of wind. We mortals find considerable enjoyment in drinking the sap of anticipation; but when it is boiled down to the molasses of reality, we find its sweets too sickening to be relished for any length of time—so we return to the sap again, and sooth our anxious souls with the expectation of something still richer to come. As soon as one bubble of hope rises from the well-spring of the heart and bursts upon the surface, another and still another follows in quick succession. By their continual bubbling and bursting, they keep our bosoms in a state of perpetual effervescence, which so exhilarates and pleases, that many of our past and present ills are overlooked, while Fancy is feasting on future delights. Truly readeth the text: "Man never is, but always to be, blest." His bread is hope, thickly bespread with the butter of expectation. He is always poor with what he actually possesses, but as rich in the idea of what he is going to have, as a luckless loafer who eases his sad soul upon the seductive promises of a lottery ticket. While angling for golden fishes in the sunlit stream of speculation, he says to himself, "These flattering nibbles give full assurance of glorious success; and when I catch this one, and two more, I shall have three!"

My friends—Hope is the nurse of ambition. She coaxes it to climb as well as to creep, and builds for it a castle upon the highest summit of fame. She rocks the cradle of care—binds rosy wreaths around the wrinkled brow of age—and garnishes man's path to the tomb with the fairest of flowers. Without hope happiness were as dead as mutton, and every earthly enjoyment would be sullied and dimmed by the dust of doubt, if not completely darkened by despair. Hope, with her twin sister, Happiness, leads us over the flowery lawns of life, and opens for us an avenue when surrounded by the interwoven briars of misfortune. She journeys with us through weal and through woe on our pilgrimage to the grave—leads us a staff when our knees begin to tremble with age—and sits smiling with her pinions folded, upon the tomb; but as the vital spark expires, she spreads them to the air, and takes a heavenward flight, to conduct the spirit to a mansion of peace or the realms of immortality.

My hearers—you are all so constituted by nature, that, although you had a whole ocean of enjoyment to yourselves, you would still want a few extra puddles of pleasure in which you could paddle for the sake of vanity. Could you have the privilege of every bung hole belonging to each barrel of bliss, you would still have an itching desire to get a suck at the sweet cider contained in every small jug of joy. Some of you drink beer, wine, whiskey punches, gin slings, and brandy-cock-tails in order to obtain happiness. You feel merry for the time—but as you never are, as says my text, but always to be, blest, you continue a repetition of the doses, till you overleap the climax, and find yourselves sunk deeper in the slough of sorrow than at the out-set. The only way is, to indulge in nothing that has a tendency to enslave the mind and corrupt the finer feelings—imagine yourselves as happy as circumstances will possibly permit—and don't neglect present opportunities for the sake of those that lie in embryo in the unhatched egg of the future. Yes, my friends, you must make the most of the present hour if you would have your anticipations of happiness to come half realized. Be industrious, sober, moral—cultivate your understandings as a farmer cultivates his fields—radicate every vicious weed from the garden of the mind with the hoe of wisdom, and engraft the sprouts of virtue on the tree of knowledge. I know there is no such thing as filling the bottomless pit of your grovelling desires; for, the more you have the more you want, and as you grow richer in purse, the poorer you are in spirit—and still you imagine you are daily approaching towards the blooming Eden of bliss, when you are straying as far from it as a backslider from christianity; and there is no more chance of gaining the object of one's earnest desires than there is a drunkard's smuggling himself into heaven with a bottle of gin in his pocket.

My worthy friends—it is all nonsense to suppose that you will for a certainty be happier to-morrow than you are to-day.—The evening sun that goes down in the midst of glory may rise in the morning surrounded by the darkest of clouds. The path of life is a path of joy and sorrow.—The thorns, flowers, thistles, and briars are so intermingled that it is almost impossible to gather the blossoms of bliss without undergoing a few scratchings, or running the risk of being poisoned by pernicious plants. In the morning of existence, man commences his pilgrimage full of hope, glee, and anticipation. The fragrant dews of youth impart a delightful perfume to his senses—the deceitful bird of hope lures him onward from grove to grove, which he is just fool enough to think he can capture by laying a handful of salt on his tail. The butterflies of fancy and imagination flit before him, but when he thinks he has them safe and sound in his grasp their beautiful wings crumble to dust, and are borne away by the winds of disappointment. He gathers boquets of joy—waters them with exstatic tears, but their petals soon fade and fall to bloom no more. Don't, my dear friends, place any reliance on being happier to-morrow than you are to-day; but contrive to make yourselves comfortable for the present by the exercise of industry, honesty, prudence, soberness and piety, and piece will attend you even to the confines of eternity. So mote it be!

From the Federal Union.

Millerism.—We publish an article, on the predictions of this fanatic, which gives to it more importance than we have thought it entitled to. But as the article we publish may quiet the fears of some, and is as we think, entitled to notice for its own merits, we insert it with pleasure, and would ask in conformity with the desire of our correspondent, a like attention to it by other papers.

OAK LAWN SCHOOL HOUSE, }
Gwinnett county, Ga. 1843. }

As there has been and still is a great deal of talk and unnecessary alarms of this vain world's coming to an end between now and the 21st day of March next, in accordance with the prophecies of one William Miller. I have perused several books, and more especially the book of Daniel, and as I believe the calculations made are nearly correct, I send you a copy of them for your perusal and meditation.

The time appointed to make an end of transgression, and to bring in an everlasting righteousness with the rise and fall of Anti-christ, and the false prophet, or the *Millenium*, being a calculation taken from reading the prophecy of Daniel and the Revelations. In reading of the book of Daniel, I find there was 2300 days made mention of, which days was to be accomplished or fulfilled in order to make an end of transgression, and to bring in an everlasting righteousness. Then from the time that the decree went forth to restore and rebuild Jerusalem, there was 700 weeks or 490 days determined upon the Jews, or Daniel's people, at the end of which time they were to cease to exist as a nation. Daniel likewise makes mention of a time, and the dividing of time; with also 1290 days; also 1335. And in the Revelations, I find the times again spoken of, and forty and two months, and 1260 days, which is the same with the times, or the 42 months there mentioned. So, then, these are the numbers from which I make my calculations, to wit, 2300 days, 490 days, 1290 days, 1335 days, 1260 days. From the time the decree went forth to restore and rebuild Jerusalem, the Jews existed no more than 490 days or years, which ended in the year of our Lord 70, when Jerusalem was taken and the temple destroyed by Titus, the Roman general, under the reign of his father Vespasian, the Emperor of Rome. The Jews were then dispersed and ceased to exist as a nation.—Therefore I take 70 from 490 which leaves 420. I then take 420 from 2300, and I find it leave 1880, the year of our Lord when Anti-christ and his false prophet, or man of sin, shall be destroyed, when sin must cease and transgression and an everlasting righteousness be brought in. Now Popery Anti-christ, or the man of sin, was to continue 1335 days, but to lose the greatest part of his ascendency, power and authority in 1290 days from his rise. Then I take 1290 from 1335, and it leaves 45 days or years, which will be employed in wars and commotions between truth and error. Therefore I take 45 from 1880, and it leaves 1835 for the year of our Lord when these contentions, wars and commotions between truth and error must commence their final conflict, in which truth will prevail in the complete overthrow and destruction of error, about the year 1880. Now to find the rise of popery, or the Anti-christian power, I take 1335 from 1880, and I find his rise in 545 of the Christian era, and to find the rise of Mahomet, or the false prophet. I take the time of his continuance 1260 days or years from 1880, and I find his rise in 620, it being only two years sooner than the Mahometans reckon their own time. The Mahometans calculate their own time from the Hegeira, or flight of Mahomet, which took place in the year of our Lord 622; but I think his rise was before his flight. Mahomet was born in 569. When he first conceived the idea of reforming the religion he was 40 years of age, and in the 11th year of his reign he publicly declared his appostleship. So that you may see my calculation can not be far from the truth intended to be made manifest by those numbers predicted by the prophets.

490	2300	1335	1880	1880
70	420	1290	1335	1260
420	1880	45	545	620

1880—End of transgression and sin. 1880
45—Time to be spent in wars, &c. 45

1835—Commencement of the conflict, 1835
Rise of Popery, 545 Rise of Mahomet, 620
His continuance, 1335 His continuance, 1260

1880 1880

Their final destruction will be in 1880.

Now instead of this poor world's a coming to an end in the course of ten months, we shall have some thirty-seven years yet to see error a striving against truth; and after Anti-christ shall be destroyed in 1880, there is to be the happy Millennium for the term of 1000 years, during which time the Devil is to be chained down, and after the one thousand years expire, he, the Devil, is to be let loose for a little season. Agreeable to Mr. Miller's theory, the Devil must have to be chained from about the year 840, to have been confined 1000 years, and now to be loosed, which neither Mr. Miller nor no other man believes; and instead of fearing that the world will come to an end in ten months from now, and find us here, let us endeavor to prepare for death, which I assure will take off every person now living long before this world shall be consumed; and I fervently pray Almighty God to enable us to be prepared for the solemn hour of death, so that we may not regard the crush of this world.

Respectfully, yours,
J. G. SNEAD.

THE DEATH WATCH.

BY T. HOOD.

In the Free City of Frankfort-on-the Main, the bodies of the dead are not kept for several days, as with us, in the house of mourning, but are promptly removed to a public cemetery. In order to guard, however, against premature interment, the remains are always retained above ground until certain signs of decomposition are apparent; and, besides this precaution, in case of suspended animation, the fingers of the corpse are fastened to a bell-rope, communicating with an alarm, so that on the slightest movement the body rings for the help which it requires for its resuscitation—a watcher and a medical attendant being constantly at hand.

Now the duty of answering the life-bell, had devolved on the Peter Klopp—no very onerous service, considering that for thirty years since he had been the official "Death-Watch," the metallic tongue of the alarum had never sounded a single note. The defunct Frankforters committed to his charge had remained, one and all, man, woman, and child, as still, as still, and as silent, as so many stocks and stones. Not that in every case the vital principle was necessarily extinct; in some bodies out of so many thousands, it doubtless lingered, like a spark among the ashes—but disinclined, by national phlegm, to any active assertion of its existence.

For a German, indeed, there is a charm in a certain vaporous dreamy state, between life and death, between sleeping and waking, which a transcendental spirit would not willingly dissolve. But be that as it might, the deceased Frankforters all lay in their turns in the Corpse-Chamber, as passive as statues in marble. Not a limb stirred—not a muscle twitched—not a finger contracted; and consequently not a note sounded to startle the ear or try the nerves of Peter Klopp.

In fine, he became a confirmed skeptic as to such resuscitations. The bell had never rung, and he felt certain that it never would ring, unless from the vibrations of an earthquake. No, no death and the doctors did their work too surely for their patients to relapse into life in any such manner. And truly it is curious to observe that, in proportion to the multiplication of physicians, and the progress of medical science, the number of revivals has decreased. The exanimate no longer rally as they used to do some centuries since—when Aloys Schneider was restored by the jolting of his coffin, and Margaret Schoning, leaving her death-bed, walked down to supper in her last linen.

So reasoned Peter Klopp, who, long past the first remorse and fancies of his noviciate, had come, by dint of custom, to look at the bodies in his care but as so many logs or bales of goods committed to the temporary custom of a Plutonian warehouse-man of Lethean whranger.—But he was doomed to be signally undeceived.

In the month of September, just after the autumnal Frankfort Fair, Martin Grab, a middle-aged man of plethoric habit, after dining heartily on soup, sourkrout, veal-cutlets, with bullace sauce, carp in wine-jelly, bloody sausages, wild boar brawn, herring salad, sweet pudding, Leipsic larks, sour cream with sinnamon, and a bowlfull of plums by way of a desert, suddenly dropped down insensible. As he was pronounced to be dead by the doctor, the body was conveyed, as usual, within twelve hours, to the public cementery, where, being deposited in the corpse chamber, the rest was left to the care and vigilance of the death-watch, Peter Klopp.

Accordingly, having taking a last look at his old acquaintance, he carefully twisted the rope of the life-bell around the dead man's fingers, and then retired into his own sanctorum, lighted his pipe, and was soon in that foggy paradise, which a true German would not exchange for all the odor of Araby the Blessed, and the society of the Houris.

It was past midnight, and in the corpse chamber, hung with dismal black, the lifeless body of Martin Grab was lying in its shroud, as still as a marble statue. At his head the solitary funeral lamp burned without a flicker—there was no breath of air to disturb the flame, or to curve the long spider line that hung perpendicularly from the ceiling. The silence was intense. You might have heard the ghost of a whisper, or the whisper of a ghost, if there had been one present to utter it; but the very air seemed dead and stagnant—not elastic enough for a sign even from a spirit.

In the adjoining room reposed the death-watch Peter Klopp. He had thrown himself in his clothes, on his little bed, with his pipe still between his lips. Here, too, all was silent and still not a cricket jumped, nor a mouse stirred, nor a draught of air. The light smoke of the pipe mounted directly upward, and mingled, with his cloudlike shadows on the ceiling. The eye would have detected the flitting of a mote; the ear would have caught the rustling of a straw; but all was quiet as the grave—still as the steadfast tombs; when suddenly the shrill hurried peal of the alarm-bell—the very same sound that for fifteen long years, he had nightly listened for—the very same sound that, for many long years, he had utterly ceased to expect—abruptly startled the slumbering senses of Peter Klopp!

In an instant he was out of bed, and on his feet, but without the power of further progress. His terror was extreme. To be waked suddenly in a fright is sufficiently dreadful; but to be roused in the dead of night by so awful a summons—by a call, as it were, from beyond the grave, to help the invisible spirit—perhaps a demon's to reanimate a cold clammy corpse what wonder that the poor wretch stood shuddering, choking, gasping for breath with his hair standing upright on his head, his eyes starting out of their orbits, his teeth chattering, his hands clutched, his limbs paralyzed, and a cool sweat oozing out from every pore of his body! In the first spasm of horror his jaws had collapsed with such force, that he had bitten through the stem of his pipe, the bowl and stalk falling to the floor, whilst the mouth piece passed into his throat, and agitated him with new convulsions. In the very crisis of his struggles, a loud crash resounded from the corpse-chamber—then came a rattling noise as of loose boards, followed by a stifled cry—then a strange, unearthly, shout, which the death watch answered with as unnatural a shriek, and instantly fell headlong on his face on the stone floor!

"Poor fellow! Why, it was enough to kill him."

It did. The noise alarmed the resident doctor and the military patrol; who rushed into the building, and lo! a strange and horrid sight!—There lay on the ground the unfortunate death-watch, still and insensible; whilst the late corpse in its grave-clothes, bent over him, eagerly administering the stimulants, and applying the restorative that had been prepared against its own revival. But all human help was in vain. Peter Klopp was no more; whereas Martin Grab was alive, and actually stepping into the dead man's shoes, became, and is at this day, the official death-watch at Frankfort on-the-Main.

The following is the graphic account which Mr. Fay gives, and we fear, alas, it is too true a picture of an

AMERICAN DUEL.

"You had better remain here, my good fellows," said Frank, to the boatman; "lie quiet, some of us shall want you in half an hour."

"Ay, ay, sir."

But these men were rather too much interested in the progress of the little drama, to obey. Hastily mooring their boat to a large stone, with eager feet they stole noiselessly up after the rest of the party, who were too much occupied with other thoughts to pay them any attention, and planted themselves close to the scene of action, where they could, with an undisturbed luxury, be spectators of this—in the nineteenth century!—fashionable, honorable, oft repeated, oft-yet-to-be-repeated scene. We may all have an opportunity of tasting like them, the excitement which used to give Commodus and Negro an appetite for breakfast.

"Now Lennox," said Randolph, in a low voice, his flippant manner entirely changed, "I understand you to assure me of your intention to fire to the best of your skill."

"Certainly," said Frank, "I have not come here to play."

The parties now approached each other and calm and courteous greetings were interchanged. The rifles were immediately loaded, and the distance measured with deliberate and careful precision. A few words were exchanged between White and Randolph. The principals were ordered to their places, and the pieces were handed to them.

"Any thing more, my boy?" whispered Randolph.

"Nothing," replied Frank, with a smile.

"When I say, three gentlemen!" said the business-like voice of Randolph, as all receded and left the opponents planted upon the green level lawn erect, silent and alone.

There was one moment's pause. Randolph advanced to give the signal.

"One—Two—Three!"

Each piece was discharged as he spoke. Frank sprang into the air, and fell heavily to the ground, like an eagle which a skilful sportsman has brought from the clouds, while the blue smoke rolled slowly off, curling away upon the dim morning light, and up through the green branches. All present rushed to the spot. The unfortunate young man lay extended at full length, writhing in great pain, and absolutely weltering in gore, which gushed from his breast and mouth. His eyes were turned inward in the convulsion of nature's last appalling struggle.

Glendinning, from whose face horror had drained every trace of color, staggered forward, and threw himself upon his knees with clasped hands, gasping for breath.

"Frank! Frank!" he rather shrieked than said.

But on catching a full view of the face he stopped petrified and dum. It was death he was looking at. The countenance was undergoing a frightful change. A stream of blood, apparently exhaustless, continued to flow from the wound. Wilson cut away the clothing in awful silence. Drops of sweat had burst out on the forehead of the dying man, who, with lustreless and broken eyes, sunken cheeks, the nose sharpened with the strain of great agony, was obviously undergoing a last crisis.

"Frank! Frank!" gasped Glendinning, his hair rising with terror, "speak to me."

"I, I, for"—but he could not proceed.

"Doctor! save him! It's nothing," said Glendinning. "He's fainting. See, see! Doctor, quick! Why don't you save him!"

"The lung!" said Wilson, in a low voice. "It has perforated the lung."

"My mother," gasped Frank. "Tell her that——"

He fell back.

"Now then," cried White. "I hope Col. Nicholson will be satisfied."

"Poor devil!" muttered the boatmen, "his jig's up."

"Farewell, noble heart," cried Randolph dashing the quick coming tears from his eyes."

"Poor young fellow," said White, looking at his watch. "Now, Glendinning, we must be off."

"Dead!" echoed Glendinning, aghast, dripping with cold sweat, and staring at the outstretched stiffening body and rigid countenance, which had already assumed a marble fixedness. "Frank! Frank!"

There was no answer. There was no motion; and he stood gazing on the dead face of his friend.

From the N. O. Picayune.

Working One's Passage.—A good story is told in the last Concordia Intelligencer, of a simple-minded Hoosier and his operations at Natchez. The fellow "came down" on a flat boat, and anxious to get back at as cheap a rate as possible, strolled on board one of the wharf boats at Natchez, bundle in hand, and asked the owner when his boat would start for Louisville. Every one who knows any thing about a wharf boat knows that it is a fixture, as destitute of "go-ahead" principles as a drift log; but the Hoosier was ignorant even of this fact, and as the owner of the floating grocery was something of a quiz, he told him that he should be off "very shortly." We give the rest of the story as we find it:

"Well, captain, I want to work my passage."

"All right," was the reply. "Can you pump."

"First rate," said the Hoosier. "Lay to," said S. "here it is." The poor fellow laid down his bundle and went to work in dead earnest; he tugged unremittingly at the pump for a couple of hours—the sweat rolling in torrents from his hardy features—when happening to cast his eye around, he observed that the boat had no machinery. "Hallo! captain," exclaimed the Hoosier, "where yours *bilers* —where's your steam fixins?" S., in the meantime, had stepped ashore and collected a crowd to witness the joke. The poor fellow's questions were answered by a loud laugh, which told—"I'm picked up, stranger—but I'll bet I can knock down and drag out any man that says I'm a fool!"

The mother's Reward.—I saw a little cloud rising in the western horizon. In a few moments it spread over the expanse of heaven, and watered the earth with a genial shower. I saw a little rivulet start from a mountain, winding its way through the valley and meadow, receiving each tributary rill which it met in its course, till it became a mighty stream, bearing on its bosom the merchandise of many nations, and the various productions of the adjacent country. I saw a little seed dropped into the earth. The dews descended, the sun rose upon it; it started into life. In a little time it spread its branches and became a shelter from the heat, "and the fowls of heaven lodged in its branches."

I saw a little smiling boy stand by the side of his mother, and heard him repeat from her lips one of the sweet songs of Zion. I saw him kneel at her feet, and pray that Jesus would bless his dear parents the world of mankind, and keep him from temptation. In a little time I saw him with the books of the classics under his arm, walking alone, busied in deep thought. I went into a Sabbath school, and heard him saying to a little group that surrounded him, "Suffer little children to come unto me." In a few months, I went into the sanctuary, and heard him reasoning of "righteousness and temperance, and judgment to come" I looked, and saw that same mother, at whose feet he had knelt, and from whose lips he had learned to lisp the name of Immanuel. Her hair was whitened with the frosts of winter, and on her cheek was many a furrow; but meekness sat on her brow, and heaven beamed in her dim eye glistening with a tear; and I thought I saw in that tear the moving of a mother's heart, while she reverted to days gone by, when this Boanerges was first dawning into life, hanging on her lips listening to the voice of instruction, and inquiring in child-like simplicity, the way to be good; and I said—This is the rich harvest of a mother's toil; these are the goodly sheaves of that precious seed which probably was sown in weeping; and your grey hairs shall not be brought down with sorrow to the grave," but, in the bower of rest, you shall look down on him who "will arise and call you blessed," and finally greet you where hope is swallowed up in fruition, and prayer in praise.